

Sutra

*There is no shame. And no end
to shame.* The hermit
in the boat washes his yellow hair
in the city's sewage
and in the sea.

There is no country rose, no country dung.
No nose, no tongue. No
perigee of anne's-lace or philodendron.

There are the flying things made of splintering bamboo and string. A droning
of holy war across the sound
of snow falling into poor flames.
They are cold diamonds, forming
in the ground. Beyond. And
beyond.